



MY BBW
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DOMINIQUE PAIGE



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Dominique Paige

Jeremy looked at her out of the corner of his eye as she walked out of the clothing store, bags in each hand. She was his perfect body type: thick, curvy and stacked in all the right places. There was something different about this girl though, and he stared at her intently trying to figure it out. He had the vague feeling that he had met her before. He was too shy to approach her, but since he couldn't shake the feeling that he knew her he decided to follow her around for a bit in case he remembered.

Moving casually and hanging back several feet so she wouldn't notice him, he followed her until she went into another store. Sitting on a bench outside, he tried to talk himself into approaching her. He sat out there for what seemed like ages; occasionally glancing up to make sure she was still there. Eventually she walked out of the store with another bag in her hand, except this time she headed straight towards Jeremy.

Shit. Jeremy thought to himself as she clearly made eye contact with him. She walked up to the bench and dropped the bags next to him.

“OK creeper, what’s the deal. Don’t think I haven’t noticed you perving on me for the past ten minutes.”

Jeremy was so surprised he couldn’t respond properly, instead opening his mouth and mumbling a reply.

“What was that?” She asked with an annoyed look on her face.

“What are you, some sort of stalker?”

Jeremy looked up at her to apologize, and with a jolt of recognition he realized who she was. Now that she was right in front of him, he remembered her from a webcam show several nights before. He had paid by the minute to watch her strip naked and dominate him in a female domination chat room. She was very popular on cam sites for people into FemDom, and Jeremy couldn’t let this chance slip away.

“I’m so sorry, it’s just, I mean, well...” He cleared his throat and continued. “It’s just I recognize you from that website. Are you Dominatrix112?”

She seemed shocked that he recognized her, and she looked around quickly to see if there was anyone she knew nearby. She leaned in close to him and talked in a low voice.

“Listen to me. Absolutely no one in this entire town knows what I do for a living, and I would like to keep it that way. Do you understand?”

Jeremy nodded, knowing full well that he wouldn't be able to keep it to himself. She stared into his eyes for a few moments before slapping him sharply across the face.

“I don't think you understand how important it is for me that nobody finds out what I do.” She stared at him intently. “In fact, come with me right now.”

With that she picked up her bags and started walking briskly away from him. Jeremy quickly stood up and jogged to catch up.

“What do you mean? Where are we going?”

She gave him an annoyed look. “Here's the deal. My real name's Sarah, and since you're the only person online who knows my real identity I need to make sure you don't tell anyone, and the only way I can do that is to control you completely. So right now I'm going to break you in, and tomorrow you'll start your first day as my slave. Understand?”

Jeremy didn't know how to respond, but the prospect of being her slave in real life was one of his ultimate fantasies. Before he could

reply she stopped walking and pointed towards a nearby door. It was the entrance to the handicap toilet.

“Get in there.”

“But what if someone —” His sentence was cut off with her raised voice.

“I wasn’t asking you.”

He nodded, and feeling a rush of excitement and adrenaline he opened the door to the disabled bathroom and walked inside. It was surprisingly clean, and after Sarah followed him in she locked the door behind her.

She turned around and placed her hand on her hips, a grin spreading across her face.

“Well well well, your day has taken quite the turnaround hasn’t it? Now strip naked.”

Jeremy nodded, his heart beating in his chest. He pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the side, before unbuckling his belt and pants. He hesitated before pulling his pants down, and Sarah wasted no time in helping him out.

“Hurry up.” She said calmly as she stepped over and hooked her thumbs into his pants and boxers, pulling both of them down in one swift motion. Jeremy tried to cover his exposed cock with his hands but Sarah was quicker, grabbing his cock and balls firmly. She squeezed the balls hard as she looked Jeremy in the eye, and with her other hand she began softly slapping his soft cock. To Jeremy’s surprise his cock grew rapidly as she slapped it, and Sarah smiled at his quick reaction. She kept staring him intensely in the eyes as she put a hand around his erection and gave it a few soft tugs, before increasing her grip on his balls even more.

“This fucking cock belongs to me. These two balls are under my command for the rest of your pathetic life, do you understand that? Now bend the fuck over.”

With that she released her grip and gave his cock a hard slap, before making a twirling motion with her hand telling him to turn around. He obeyed, feeling humiliated and exposed as she made him bend forward and put his hands on the top of the toilet, so that his bare ass was completely exposed.

“Now you haven’t been treating me the way a slave should be treating his Mistress. From now on, only call me by my title and

nothing else. Understand?”

Jeremy gulped. “Yes.”

She gave him a hard spank, causing him to yell out in surprise and pain.

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Mistress. I’m sorry Mistress.”

“That’s more like it.”

With that she continued to spank him hard, enjoying the desperate and humiliated look on Jeremy’s face. She could feel herself getting off on the feeling of power she had over him, and how easily he was succumbing to her demands. She knew it would only be a matter of time before he became another submissive slut.

“Do you like being spanked like the little bitch you are?”

He gritted his teeth as she continued to spank him hard, his legs shaking from the force of her slaps.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“That’s what I thought.” With that she continued, occasionally stopped to run her hand around his waist and over his erect cock, squeezing it tightly and giving it a few pumps to maintain it.

“Turn around.”

Jeremy obeyed instantly.

“Now get on your knees.”

He dropped to his knees, staring up at her as she pulled down her skirt slowly. She put a hand on the back of his head and guided it forward, pulling her panties down to her legs with her other hand.

Jeremy caught a glimpse of her perfect pussy before she tilted his head back and thrust herself in his mouth. Jeremy stuck his tongue out obediently and began licking her delicate folds, enjoying the aroma as he worshipped her wet slit. He was feeling a rush unlike anything else he had ever felt before at being dominated so completely.

“Does my little bitch like that? Huh?” She mocked him as she rocked her hips back and forth, forcing him to work to keep up.

“Yes I do Mistress.” He mumbled in between licks, his outstretched tongue swirling over her clit as he enjoyed every last drop. It was humiliating to be on his knees in a public bathroom while his face was being fucked, but he was too far gone to care.

“From now on, this pussy is your entire reason for living. You’re a pathetic, useless man and this wet slit is your only happiness in the

world. My juices taste good, don't they?"

Jeremy nodded.

"Aren't you going to say thank you for the taste?"

"Thank you for letting me lick your perfect pussy Mistress, I'll do anything to make you happy."

"Oh, I know. You will be doing anything and everything, believe me. For now I'm growing tired of fucking your pathetic face."

She pulled him back by his hair. Even though she was nearly on the verge of orgasm, she didn't want to let herself cum just yet. She had to stay aroused in control to do what she wanted to do, otherwise she might let him off too easy.

"Now we're going to take a couple of pictures for me to take home with me, that I'm going to share with some friends online. That's to ensure that nobody finds out about what I do for a living, understand?"

Jeremy opened his mouth momentarily to protest, but he knew it was no use. He could already feel the control in her voice, and the authority she had over him was almost complete. His whole life he had fantasized about being dominated, and now that it was finally happening, he belonged to her in every way.

She dug through her purse and pulled out her smartphone, before turning around and presenting her ass to Jeremy. "Eat it."

Jeremy dove in, tonguing her asshole obediently. He heard a click and saw a flash, and without looking up he knew that she was taking a photo of him.

She was holding the camera at her side to snap picture of him with his face buried in her ample ass. She turned around and grabbed him by the hair, tilting his face back so that he was looking straight up. Then she stepped forward so that her pussy was inches from his mouth, before taking another picture.

"There. That should ensure that you don't fuck around, not that you would have anyway. I can tell you're going to be one of the easy playthings... you know a woman's worth. You said you would do anything for me, now did you really mean that?"

"Yes I did, I swear to God I did."

Impressed with how fast he had fallen under her control, she decided to test his limits. "Well then, put these in your mouth and put your back to the wall."

She shoved her panties in his mouth unceremoniously, and he gagged slightly from the pressure. He quickly got up and put his

back against the wall, goose bumps crawling on his skin from the feeling of the cold tiles.

Sarah stepped forward slowly, a mischievous expression on her face. She reached out and grabbed his cock with her left hand, while pulling her right hand back. Jeremy knew what was coming, and bit down on the panties to stop himself from screaming as she brought her hand forward to deliver a hard slap to his balls.

“Ooomff!” He moaned uselessly into the panties as she continued to punish his balls, slapping, squeezing and pinching them as he struggled to fight the urge to run away. He knew that she was testing his will, and he wanted to seem as resilient as possible. He clenched his fists and tensed his entire body as she continued her assault minute after minute.

Sarah looked at his expression and felt euphoric. Seeing him so completely under her control was making her wet and she couldn’t wait to cum on her new plaything.

“This is for being such a naughty boy and watching porn online. You’re no longer allowed to do that, of course, since I control your cock completely and am the only one allowed to give you an orgasm.”

She backhanded his already sore balls, causing him to groan.

“And this is for being a man with his pathetic, desperate cock out in a public bathroom just because a woman told him to. You know your place, but it doesn’t make you any less pathetic.”

With that she gave him the hardest slap yet, and it was too much for him. He doubled over and fell to the floor, laying down on his back and moaning out loud. Even though the panties stuffed in his mouth muffled his yell it was still loud in the enclosed space.

Just when he was thinking that he had enough and was going to leave, Sarah changed her tone. She knelt down over him, grabbing his cock with one hand and slowly but surely lowering herself down until she could rub the head of his cock on her pussy lips.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

Jeremy could only moan and nod as a response. The feeling of his aching cock up against her perfectly warm and soft pussy was too much, and the emotional roller coaster she had just put him through had left him wanting to cum more than anything else in his entire life.

“Please let me cum.” He asked through the panties.

“I don’t know if I should...”

She smiled and continued rubbing the head of his cock against her delicate folds, watching him intently to make sure he didn't orgasm. She lowered herself down a bit more, grinning as it slid inside her. Jeremy stared at her with a dazed expression, caught up in the sight of her beautiful curvy body gloriously naked.

Sarah finally lowered herself down and began riding him hard, enjoying the hard cock inside her. She was on the verge of orgasm and within a few minutes could feel it approaching, building up slowly before exploding across her body.

"Oh fuck, that's it, take it like a good little bitch! Do you like when your Mistress fucks your brain out? Do you?"

"I love it!" He moaned.

Sarah gasped sharply as she came, her juices coating Jeremy's entire pubic region as she orgasmed. Her nails dug deep into his chest, and Jeremy could feel his own orgasm approaching as he watched her riding his cock.

As soon as she felt the feeling subside, Sarah stood up to Jeremy's dismay.

"Please... I'm so close..."

Sarah just laughed. "You say that like I give a fuck, I couldn't care less if you cum or not. In fact, a large part of being my plaything is not cumming, so you better get used to it. Whether or not I allow your pathetic cock to cum is entirely up to me and you should fucking know that. Now stand up, I think your cock needs a few more slaps before it's going to be soft enough to fit into your boxers again."

Groaning to himself, Jeremy stood up and assumed his previous position against the wall, his aching balls swelled up and begging for release. Sarah trailed a manicured finger over them with a smile, enjoying the expression on his face before grabbing them softly.

"Do you think I should punish your poor, poor balls? Or should I jerk your cock until you cum?"

Jeremy gulped. "Please Mistress, jerk my cock. I'll do anything to cum."

Sarah shook her head in mock disappointment.

"The correct answer was 'whatever you want' so I'm afraid you didn't pass that little test."

With that she started squeezing, tilting her head back and enjoying the sensation of his soft balls being squeezed. Meanwhile Jeremy could barely keep himself together, his body sending so many

paradoxical signals of pleasure and pain he wasn't even sure which one was which. All he could do was close his eyes shut and try not to scream too loudly as she punished him relentlessly.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, she released her iron grip and laughed loudly.

"OK, now I'm getting bored watching you suffer. It's time you had an orgasm."

Jeremy's eyes widened hopefully as she reached into her purse yet again and brought out her phone. She adjusted the settings on her phone's camera before pointing it at him.

"I'm going to record your orgasm. You're going to stay right where you are, and you have to jerk yourself to completion. The entire time you need to be saying "I love my Mistress, I cum for my Mistress." And I do mean the entire time, until I tell you to stop. Ready? 3, 2, 1, go!"

With that she pressed the record button, and Jeremy began stroking himself as hard and fast as he could, desperate to cum before she changed her mind. He repeated the words she told him to say over and over, and it wasn't long until his sexual tension was brought to a boil and he finally came. It almost took him by surprise, and his legs

shook and he stumbled slightly as the first overwhelming load of semen shot out of his cock.

“I love my Mistress, I cum for my Mistress!” He continued to moan as he shamelessly stroked himself, looking right at the camera as he did. He knew that the video would be shared with a lot of strangers he didn’t know, but he was so under Sarah’s control that he didn’t even care anymore. With a final moan he took his hand off his cock and slumped against the wall, and Sarah ended the recording.

“I think that should be more than sufficient to ensure you don’t tell anyone my little secret, don’t you agree?”

She put her phone back in her purse, and pulled out a business card which she tossed onto the floor.

“There’s my card, slut. I expect a call tomorrow for details on your next training session. It’s a shame I have to take you under my wing, but it looks like it’s the only option. Now get dressed, you look pathetic.”

With that she opened the door and walked outside, leaving the door wide open. Jeremy quickly bolted forward and closed the door, but not before several people got a glimpse of his naked body. His heart

pounding and his mind reeling, he quickly got dressed as he tried to make sense of what had just happened.

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